

HALLIDAY'S BRIDE

By Louise Merrifield

Copyright, 1905, by M. M. Cunningham

Penelope hailed the bus at Twenty-third street. It would take him to the depot and give him time to write the letter over again.

He did not know how long he had waited for the bus, but he knew it was late. He had been waiting for it for some time, and he had been thinking of the letter he had to write. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot.

He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot.

He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot.

He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot.

He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot.

He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot.

He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot.

He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot.

He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot.

He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot.

He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot.

He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot.

He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot. He had been thinking of the letter he had to write to the man who had been waiting for him at the depot.

out, tall, slender, dressed in gray, with the white chiffon veil over her face.

"Pen!" he exclaimed. "Pen, darling!"

And then the white veil was raised and he found himself looking into Bess' dancing, laughing blue eyes and holding her extended hands in his.

"Don't shout on the street, Jack," she said merrily. "Walk decently and orderly with me to the depot. Mamma's waiting for me there. We thought you were dead or something. Why didn't you show up at the boat yesterday? Didn't you get Pen's letter?"

"Pen—yes, I got the letter," O'Donnell stammered at the curb and righted himself with an effort. "I also saw the press dispatches. That's why I thought perhaps my appearance at the depot wasn't necessary. Rather sudden, wasn't it?"

"Sudden? Was it in the papers here?" Bess stopped and gasped. "But it couldn't be. We never told a soul, and we caught the night train out of Paris and the early steamer from Cherbourg. And no one knew, not even Pen. Why, mamma didn't know until she met Steve and me yesterday."

O'Donnell stared at her. The long rope was beginning to swing him perilously around again. He took Bess by the arm and led her under an awning at the corner in the shade.

"Where's Pen?" he asked quietly, very quietly.

"Why, at home, of course. Where would she be, goose? How white and odd you look, Jack! Pen came with us. Of course she didn't approve. Pen never could see anything interesting in love mania, you know, and it was perfectly useless trying to make her understand an elopement. But why on earth didn't you meet us yesterday? Pen thinks you're dead or lost. She phoned the office, and they said you hadn't been there since Saturday."

"I had not. I only went back today," answered O'Donnell slowly. "Somebody must have got hold of the elopement and called it home, but they made a little mistake in the names. They said that Miss Penelope Graham was married to Stephen Halliday."

"Oh, how perfectly killing, Jack!" Bess gave one of her crazy little girlish cries. "And you thought, you poor old boy—why, of course you must have thought—but, then, how could you ever think that Steve would want to marry Pen instead of me?"

"Wasn't it absurd?" murmured O'Donnell abstractedly, looking at the depot clock. "And Pen is out home at Glenwood!"

"No. Did I say she was? You know I'm half crazy these days. Steve says it's permissible. Pen's right here in the depot with mamma waiting for me. I wanted to see Steve before we left town, and they went on ahead. Steve's coming out on the 8:35 with papa. Oh, Jack, just think, you and Steve will be brothers now!"

"Yes!" muttered O'Donnell under his breath, and they entered the depot, where Penelope was waiting.

Second Sight and Mirages.

Has "second sight" any relation to the phenomenon of mirages? The following anecdote suggests that second sight may be the result of "refraction of events" in a normal way. The Rev. Dr. a celebrated scholar, who tells the tale, was fishing Loch Leven with Lord —. They were out of sight of the little wooden pier whence the boats start. Mr. — remarked that Lord — was gazing with a strange and startled expression across the loch. "What is the matter?" he asked. "We are out of sight of the pier, are we not?" answered Lord —. "Certainly we are," said Mr. —. "Well, I saw the pier and a boat coming in, with a very tall, heavy man lying in it. The boatman lifted him on to the pier with difficulty. He seemed to be dead." Returning at sunset, the angler found that a heavy fisher had died suddenly in his boat and been lifted to the pier at the moment when Lord — saw the thing happen.

Could this be a case of natural refraction, as when a friend of mine, walking down Market street, St. Andrews, with his back to the cathedral, saw the cathedral facing him? Much amazed, he asked a passerby if he saw anything unusual. "Man, I see the cathedral!" said the other. The vision was shared, but Mr. — did not share the vision of Lord —.

—Andrew Lang in London Illustrated News.

The Value of Literary Criticism.

Has literary criticism any value? A contemplation of its blunders almost makes one hesitate to say "Yes." The history of literature, ancient and modern, shows that if Homer sometimes nods Aristarchus is still oftener found napping. The oracles of criticism, like all others, have erred in all ages and never more egregiously than when they have been most confident and most dogmatic in their judgments. To a reader who lacks imagination and taste the most exquisite poetical conceptions and expressions are like cuneiform writing or a roll from Pompeii.

J. Blanco White, speaking of a woman carrying primroses by his window, says, "They were new primroses, so blooming and so tender that it might be said that their perfume was received by the eye." This is a novel and striking thought, which only the fondest love could have suggested.

But think of the scorn which the "house-sense" would elicit from a cold blooded matter of fact reader! He would class it with the "hot light, but darkness visible" of Milton or the lines in Keats' "Pot of Basil":

So the two brothers and their murdered man Rode toward fair Florence.

—William Mathews in Success Magazine.

D. W. M. VAN GIESON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
No. 393 Franklin Street, opp. Washington Avenue.
Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M.
Telephone call Bloomfield 24.

S. C. HAMILTON, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.
No. 22 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Telephone No. 64—Bloomfield.

D. W. F. HARRISON,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Office and Residence:
329 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M.
Telephone No. 107—Bloomfield.

CHAS. E. HALFPENNY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office: 800 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.
Residence, Lawrence Street, Bloomfield.

SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, JR.,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Commercial and Real Estate Law.
UNION BUILDING, NEWARK, N. J.
17 Washington Place, Bloomfield, N. J.

PHILIP & PILCH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
10 CLINTON STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
Residence of P. R. Pilch, 75 Watkinson Avenue.

HAILEY M. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office, 750 Broad St., Newark.
Residence, Elm St., Bloomfield.

CHARLES F. KOEHLER,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW
NEWARK: BLOOMFIELD:
Prudential Building, 245 Bloomfield Avenue.

W. M. DOUGLAS MOORE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
OFFICE: New York City.
140 Broadway, New York City.
Residence, 12 Austin Place, Bloomfield, N. J.

ERNEST BAERCHLIN,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
National Bank Building, Bloomfield, N. J.
Residence: 24 Berkeley Heights Park.
Telephone 1227-L.

ALFRED B. VAN LIEW,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
UNION BUILDING, CLINTON STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
Telephone 1023 Newark.

JOHN F. OAPEN,
ARCHITECT.
Exchange Building, 45 Clinton Street, Newark.
Residence: 75 Oakland Avenue, Bloomfield.

DAVID P. LYALL,
PIANO-TUNER,
21 Linden Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.
LOOK BOX 144.

INK
Used in Printing this Paper
IS MANUFACTURED BY
J. M. HUBER,
275 Water St., NEW YORK.

Martin J. Callahan,
CONTRACTOR.
Flagging, Curbing and Paving.
A supply of Door-steps, Window-sills and Cops, and Collar Steps constantly on hand.
STONE YARD, ON GLENWOOD AVE.
NEAR D. L. & W. E. R. DRUGS.
RESIDENCE ON THOMAS STREET.
ESTIMATES, FURNISHED, ON APPLICATION.

EAR TROUBLES.

As a Rule They Are Due to Abuses of Some Kind.

The best way to care for the ear is to study the things not to do. It is one of the most independent of organs, knowing very well how to take care of itself. If it is duly respected, little trouble or none will result. In cases where something unforeseen goes wrong a physician should be consulted at once. Almost all troubles of the ear are due to abuses of some kind.

The wax seems to worry a great many people, and in their concern they usually manage to seriously interfere with its functions. In the healthy ear the wax, or cerumen, is a thin, yellowish fluid that thickens into a paste as it dries. Nature provides for its natural exit from the ear passage by uniting it with the tiny flakes of dead skin, which fall outward unnoticed either by seeing or feeling. Thus wax does not accumulate in a healthy ear, which has just enough to make sticky the stiff little hairs that grow in the passage.

Instruments should never be poked into the ear by the inexperienced nor wards of material continually mopped and squeezed into the opening for cleansing. Usually such treatment induces an increase or caking of wax. Hot water is the best solvent for wax, 105 to 115 degrees F. If the need of it is imperative, gently syringe the ear with it. Cotton plugs in the ear are useful at times, but should be used no more than absolutely necessary, for they obstruct the canal and interfere with the natural way of casting off wax.

DESTINY OF THE JEW.

To Give the World a Homogeneous Humanity, Says Walter Hurd.

Zionism, as it presents itself to me, is a beautiful but a barren dream. It is the noble conception of a splendid sentimentalism, born from the grand brain and nursed in the great heart of Theodore Herzl and well calculated to inspire the imagination of a people that have cherished through the centuries its imperishable ideals. It is the flower of a mighty love that never can know a momentary fruition.

In this clannishness of the Jew, engendered by ages of persecution, we find the philosophy of conditions that appear to us as cruel. His has been but a preparatory experience. The strongest bond of brotherhood in the world today is that of Jewish blood. It is the red badge of a freemasonry founded on a community of suffering, and its ritual is written large upon each heart in letters of pain. And this is that at last will weld the world together. With the infusion of Jewish blood into the universal social body—a blood become so distinctive that it will tincture the whole vast volume—men will meet from the ends of the earth and, looking in each other's face, will recognize a clansman.

This is the destiny reserved for the Jew—this is his sociologic function—to break down the barriers of race that partition society into nations and give to the world a homogeneous humanity.—Walter Hurd in Cultivist.

Shrinking Flannel.

All good flannel is shrink before being offered to the public, and the process is carried on by the most experienced cloth workers. The flannels are placed between two heavy wet sheets first and left in that position for twenty-four to thirty-six hours. When removed they are spread out on specially prepared rails in a drying room heated by steam pipes, where they are allowed to remain until thoroughly dry. The next process is to place the lengths of the flannel in folds between layers of glossy paper and subject it to a pressing by hydraulic machines. The more pressure they are subjected to the more valuable and heavy the flannels become.—London Graphic.

An Ungallant Wish.

In the court of sessions in Scotland the judges who do not attend or give a proper excuse for their absence are by law liable to a fine. This law, however, is never enforced, but it is common on the first day of the session for the absentees to send an excuse to the lord president. Lord Stoddard having sent such an excuse, on the president mentioning it the late Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield said in his broad dialect, "What excuse can a stout fellow like him ha'e?" "My lord," said the president, "he has lost his wife." The justice, who was fitted with a Xantippe, replied: "Has he? That is a gude excuse indeed. I wish we had a' the same."

Real Evidence.

"My only objection to the young man," said the father, speaking of the youth who proposed to his daughter, "is that he doesn't seem to have the least bit of sense or foresight."

"But," answered the mother, "he has as much sense as you had when you asked for my hand."

"Confound it! That's just why I object to him."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Same Old Watch.

"Hello, Rummel, I hear you had your watch stolen the other day."

"Yes, but the thief is already caught. Just think, the fool took it to the pawnshop, and there they immediately recognized it as mine and detained him!"—Flegende Blätter.

Bohemian Rates.

Van Damber—How much do you pay a week for your board and room?

Scribbler—Well, some expressmen charge me \$1 and some 75 cents—Puck.

There is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.—Goulburn.

The Standard Livery and Boarding Stables.

T. H. DECKER, Proprietor,
No. 600 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE.

Large stock of good horses. Perfect Family Ho
Gentlemen's and ladies' driving horses.

Brand New Coaches, Carriages, and Buggies of Latest and most approved styles.

First-Class Equipment in Every Respect.

If you have occasion to use a livery of any kind for any purpose, or a horse to harness or harness to harness, before going elsewhere visit and examine the facilities and accommodations of the Standard Livery and Boarding Stables.

FURNITURE STORED.
Courteous Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Telephone No. 72.

There are Patents, and there are

PATENTS WHICH PROTECT.

We procure you the last kind unless you order otherwise.

Our preliminary searches (\$5) are very trustworthy, and free advice as to patent ability goes with them.

DRAKE & CO., Patents

Cor. Broad & Market Sts.,

Telephone 2104-N. NEWARK, N. J.

HARNESS



BLANKETS

OUR SUCCESS

is due to the fact that we always live up to our reputation for making the best looking, best wearing

HARNESS

in the market. In all our Horse Goods we use good materials and first class workmanship. Don't disfigure a good horse with old shabby Harness when we can fit you so well and so economically.

GLOVES.

JOHN N. DELHAGEN,

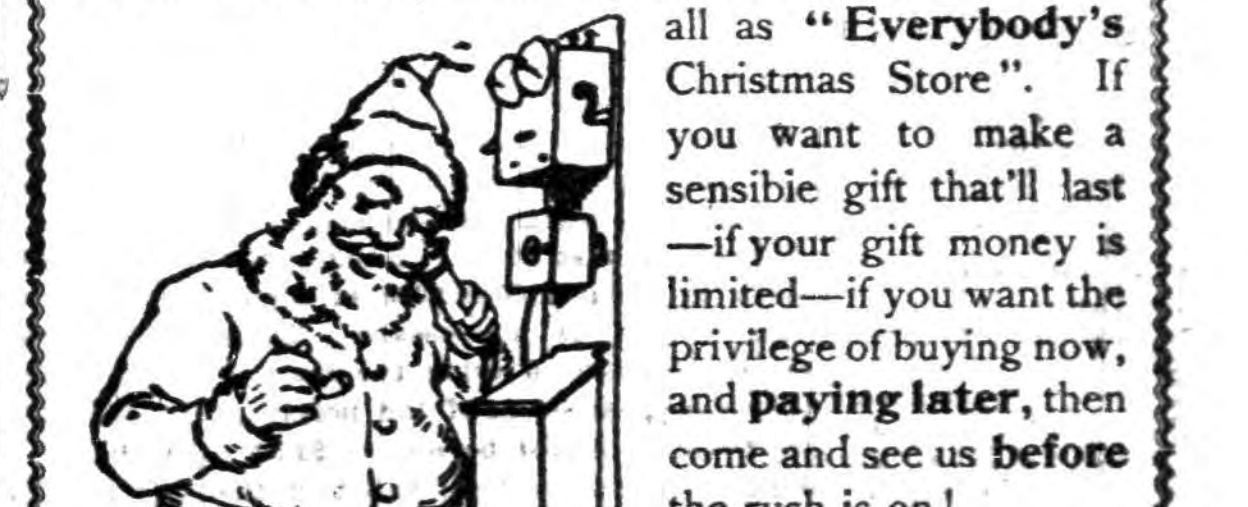
10 BROAD STREET,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

TELEPHONE 1646.

Amos H. Van Horn, Ltd.

"Santa" is on The Wire

—with headquarters at the old reliable "No. 73," the store that for years and years has been known by all as "Everybody's Christmas Store". If you want to make a sensible gift that'll last —if your gift money is limited—if you want the privilege of buying now, and paying later, then come and see us before the rush is on!



Selections reserved for free delivery anywhere in the State, whenever you say!

LOWEST PRICES—CASH OR CREDIT!

Morris Chairs. \$6.50 Chairs.....4.98	Couches. \$8.00 Couches.....6.49
Chiffoniers. \$13.00 Chiffoniers.....9.98	Parlor Tables. \$2.50 Tables.....1.98
Parlor Suites. \$25.00 Suites.....18.00	Ladies' Desks. \$14.00 Desks.....8.93
Card Tables. \$1.75 Tables.....1.25	China Closets. \$20.00 Closets.....15.93
Fancy Rockers. \$4.00 Rockers.....2.69	Music Cabinets. \$10.00 Cabinets.....6.50
Toilet Tables. \$14.00 Tables.....9.98	Parlor Cabinets. \$15.00 Cabinets.....10.50
Sideboards. \$17.00 Sideboards.....12.98	Clocks. \$6.00 Clocks.....4.50
Book Cases. \$3.00 Book Cases.....6.50	Pictures. \$2.00 Pictures.....1.25
Oriental Rugs. One Third Off.	Davenport. \$50.00 Davenports.....39.50

AMOS H. VAN HORN, Ltd.

Be sure you see "No. 73" and first name "AMOS" before entering our store.

ACCOUNTS OPENED—EASY PAYMENTS

73 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Near Place St., West of Broad St. All trade tags transfer to our store.

Telephone 208.